

Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud placed on the coffin the sword and hat of the Emperor, and in 1843 Joseph Bonaparte<sup>1</sup> sent the great collar, ribbon, and badge of the Legion of Honor which his brother had worn.

Napoleon had again and finally conquered. He had died an exile, an outlaw, denied title, wealth, comfort, and even the family rights common to the lowest. Now all that affection, gratitude, and honor could give were lavished on his corpse. "Slowly wise," France had claimed her great dead. While every throne in Europe was shaking, the Great Conqueror came to claim and receive from posterity the crown for which he had sacrificed so much. In the Invalides the Emperor had at last found a fitting resting-place, "by the banks of the Seine, amongst the French people whom he had loved so well."

France to-day — beaten in the great contest for the supremacy in Europe, weak from loss of blood, drained by the tribute to Germany, faint-hearted from the loss of her sons, distracted by factions, given up to men whose highest idea of statesmanship is worrying priests, or winning barren triumphs against weak nations abroad — lies exhausted, and apparently nearly as helpless as she was in 1793. But by her side still hangs the sword on which are engraven the names of EIVOLT, JENA, FRTEDLAND, and AUSTEKLITZ. The sons of the men who fought at Eosbach avenged that disaster at Jena and Aueustadt. The sons or the grandsons of the gallant men who died, outnumbered, round Metz may write fresh triumphs on that sword; and another and happier Bonaparte may restore to France her lost children, may obtain for a grateful and satisfied land her natural and rightful boundaries; and then, while "freedom crowns the edifice," may unite the

<sup>1</sup> Joseph and Jerome were in time laid by his side.